TERMINATOR 2
T2
#4
PRESENT WAR
$2.50 $3.50 CAN
TERMINATOR 2 JUDGMENT DAY
CYBERNETIC DAWN
21
DIRECT EDITION
00411
7 04294 04952 2
ABNETT•WHIGHAM•SNIDER

T2™: CYBERNETIC DAWN #4 • February 1996 Published monthly by Malibu Comics Entertainment, Inc. 26707 Agoura Rd. Calabasas, CA 91302 Phone 818.878.7400. T2™ & ©1996 Carolco Pictures Inc (U.S. & Canada); Carolco International Inc (All Other Countries). All Rights Reserved. Used under license. Malibu Comics Authorized User • Direct Market and newsstand $2.50 U.S./$3.50 in Canada. Any similarity to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. With the exception of artwork used for review purposes, none of the contents of this publication may be duplicated without the written consent of Malibu Comics Entertainment, Inc. The stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this magazine are entirely fictional. All other contents © 1996 Malibu Comics Entertainment, Inc. Printed in Canada.

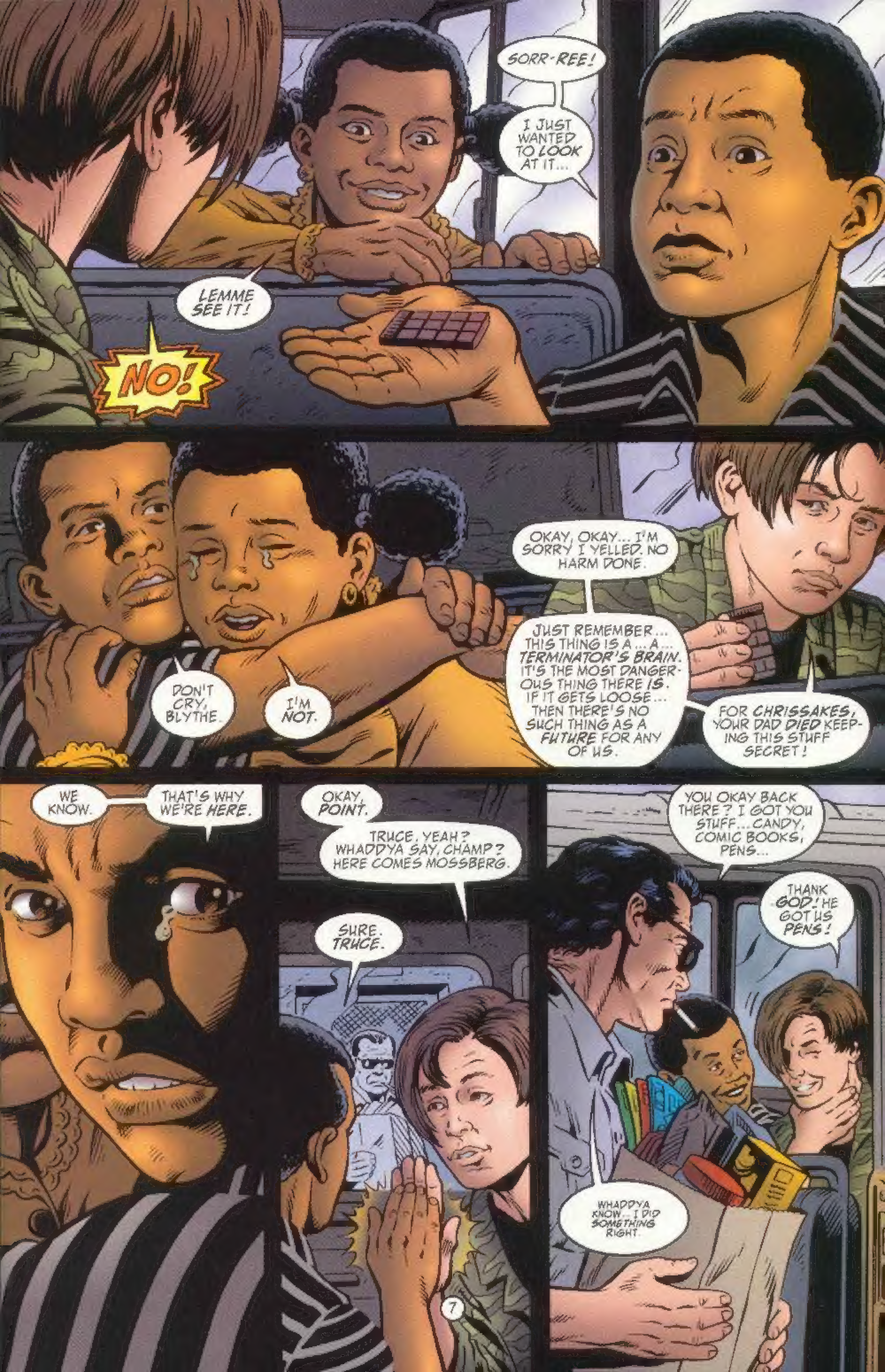
uh
ah
erm
SURELY. JUST A MOMENT.
NEDERMEYER
NETWORK DEVELOPMENTS, SIMI VALLEY, CA.
FINE.
Uh... THIS IS RECEPTION. I HAVE A-- uh-- SARAH CONNOR HERE, WISHING TO SPEAK WITH... WITH SOMEONE IN CHARGE.
YES.
THAT IS CORRECT.
FINE. I'LL DO THAT.
SOMEONE WILL BE DOWN RIGHT AWAY.
THANK YOU.
PLEASE-- uh-- TAKE A SEAT.
WE DON'T HAVE TO GO THAT FAR.
2

FREEZE! NOT A TWITCH, CONNOR! NOT ONE MOVE!
GET DOWN ON THE FLOOR WITH YOUR HANDS BEHIND YOUR HEAD! NOW!
FAN OUT! SURROUND HER!
oh JESUS!
YOU'RE SPASKY, RIGHT?
YOU'RE THE ONE I WANTED TO SEE.
I CAN TELL YOU NOW, I'M UNARMED.

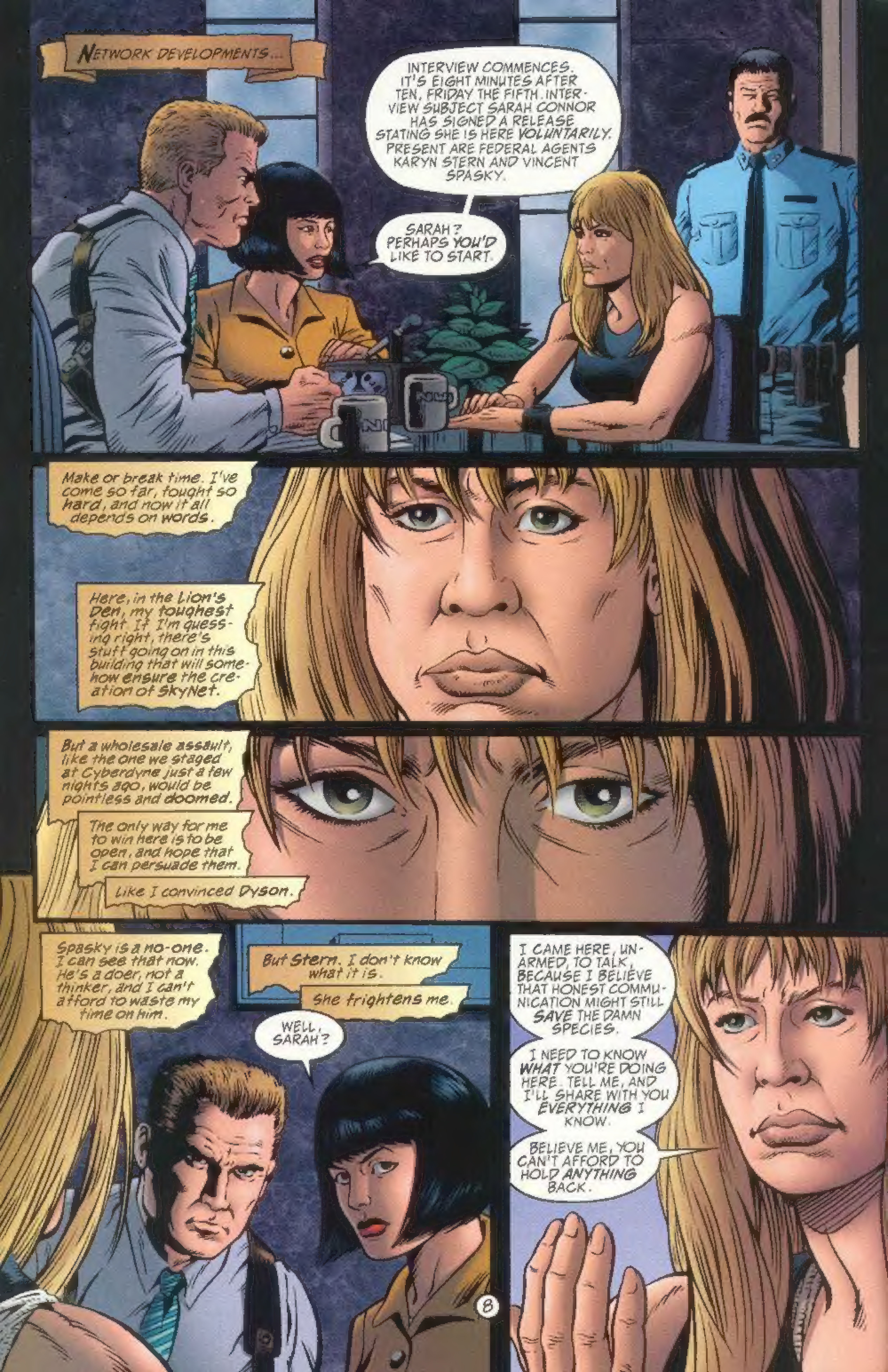
SHE'S CLEAN.
I TOLD YOU.
SHUT UP!
THIS IS SOME KIND OF TRICK! THE BITCH IS FULL OF DAMN TRICKS!
YOU'VE GOT A NINE TO THE BACK OF MY SKULL, SPASKY.
IF THIS IS A TRICK, IT'S NOT A VERY GOOD ONE, IS IT?
SHE HAS A POINT, SPASKY.
HAVE YOU THOUGHT OF ASKING HER WHAT SHE WANTS?
NO...
WELL, WHY DON'T WE TRY, THEN?
MS. CONNOR? YOUR BUSINESS HERE?
I CAME HERE...
...TO TALK.

HIGHWAY 78, SKIRTING THE CHOCOLATE MOUNTAINS...
THAT EVERYTHING?
POP'S
GIMME SIXTY FILTERLESS. AND I'LL TAKE A COUPLA THESE COMIC BOOKS.
TRAVEL-LING WITH KIDS, HUH?
THE COMICS GAVE IT AWAY, RIGHT?
KISS ME I'M IRISH
GUM
NOPE. THE NICOTINE INTAKE.
YOU GOT FAR TO GO?
YEAH, WE--
--WE GOT A... A LONG WAY TO RIDE YET.
HEY NOW, I AIN'T PRYING NONE, YOUNG FELLA!
I WAS JUST MAKING CONVERSATION IS ALL.
SURE, SURE. I'M SORRY.
LOOK, I'LL GET SOME OF THOSE MAR-KER PENS TOO. YOU GOT ANY SKETCH PADS? KIDS LIKE TO DRAW, RIGHT?
MARKERS

WHAT'S THAT STUFF HE'S BUYING?
AH-DUH? WHAT DOES HE WANT PENS FOR?
THAT GUY IS SUCH A LOSER.
HE'S OKAY.
HE'S A PRIZE-WINNING WAD, BLYTHE. AND A BADGE TO BOOT.
I CAN'T BELIEVE MOM SADDLED ME WITH HIM.
US.
Huh?
SADDLED US. ALL OF US. YOU, ME AND DANNY. WE'RE A TEAM, MR. MOSSBERG SAID.
DID HE? Pheeeww! WHAT IS HE ON?
HEY, DANNY! WHA'CHA DOING?
DOING?
N-NUTHIN'.
YOU BETTER NOT HAVE WHAT I THINK YOU GOT, SHRIMP!
I AIN'T GOT NUTHIN', JOHN! I SWEAR!
GIVE ME THE C.P.U., DANNY.
YOU HEAR ME, DYSON? GIVE!
GIVE IT TO ME AND I WON'T TELL MOSSBERG YOU WERE FOOLIN' WITH IT, OKAY?
6



SORR-REE!
I JUST WANTED TO LOOK AT IT...
LEMME SEE IT!
NO!
OKAY, OKAY... I'M SORRY I YELLED. NO HARM DONE.
JUST REMEMBER... THIS THING IS A... A... TERMINATOR'S BRAIN. IT'S THE MOST DANGEROUS THING THERE IS. IF IT GETS LOOSE... THEN THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS A FUTURE FOR ANY OF US.
FOR CHRISSAKES, YOUR DAD DIED KEEPING THIS STUFF SECRET!
DON'T CRY, BLYTHE.
I'M NOT.
WE KNOW.
THAT'S WHY WE'RE HERE.
OKAY, POINT.
TRUCE, YEAH? WHADDYA SAY, CHAMP? HERE COMES MOSSBERG.
SURE. TRUCE.
YOU OKAY BACK THERE? I GOT YOU STUFF... CANDY, COMIC BOOKS, PENS...
THANK GOD! HE GOT US PENS!
WHADDYA KNOW... I DID SOMETHING RIGHT.



Network developments...
Interview commences. It's eight minutes after ten, Friday the fifth. Interview subject Sarah Connor has signed a release stating she is here voluntarily. Present are federal agents Karyn Stern and Vincent Spasky.
Sarah? Perhaps you'd like to start.
Make or break time. I've come so far, fought so hard, and now it all depends on words.
Here, in the Lion's Den, my toughest fight. If I'm guessing right, there's stuff going on in this building that will somehow ensure the creation of SkyNet.
But a wholesale assault, like the one we staged at Cyberdyne just a few nights ago, would be pointless and doomed.
The only way for me to win here is to be open, and hope that I can persuade them.
Like I convinced Dyson.
Spasky is a no-one. I can see that now. He's a doer, not a thinker, and I can't afford to waste my time on him.
But Stern. I don't know what it is.
She frightens me.
Well, Sarah?
I came here, unarmed, to talk, because I believe that honest communication might still save the damn species.
I need to know what you're doing here. Tell me, and I'll share with you everything I know.
Believe me, you can't afford to hold anything back.
8

DREAM ON, CONNOR! YOU'RE AN ESCAPEE FROM THE PESCADERO NUT-HATCH WHO'S SHOT AND BOMBED HER WAY THROUGH THIS STATE IN DEFIANCE OF THE LAW!
WE'RE REQUIRED TO TELL YOU PRECISELY SQUAT.
VINCENT'S RIGHT, SARAH. YOU HAVE A HISTORY OF PSYCHOTIC EPISODES AND A VERY VIOLENT TRACK RECORD. CAN YOU GIVE US ANY REASON TO EXCHANGE INFORMATION WITH YOU?
ONE-- WE BOTH KNOW ABOUT THE EXISTENCE OF THE MACHINES CALLED TERMINATORS.
TWO-- WE BOTH KNOW THAT THEY REPRESENT A SCENARIO FAR MORE SIGNIFICANT THAN OUR PETTY BICKERING.
THREE-- IF I DON'T WALK OUT OF HERE BY FOUR O'CLOCK THIS AFTERNOON, A PREPARED STATEMENT COVERING EVERYTHING I KNOW ABOUT TERMINATORS COMPLETE WITH CORROBORATING POLICE RECORDS AND DETAILS OF YOUR COMPLICITY, WILL BE DISSEMINATED TO THE MEDIA BY MAIL, FAX AND INTERNET.
YOU'D NEVER CONTAIN IT ALL. IT WOULD BLOW THIS OPERATION WIDE OPEN.
YOU LITTLE--
SPASKY!
VERY THOROUGH MS. CONNOR, BUT WILL ANYONE BELIEVE THE WORD OF AN ESCAPED MENTAL PATIENT?
GIVEN THE CURRENT STATE OF THE MEDIA, CAN YOU AFFORD TO TAKE THAT CHANCE?
TOUCHÉ SARAH, BUT IT WOULD TAKE AN AWFUL LOT OF ORGANIZATION TO GUARANTEE SUCH COVERAGE.
DON'T YOU THINK I'M CAPABLE?

.T'S NOT THAT--
YOUR CELL-PHONE, PLEASE
WHAT?
GIVE IT TO HER!
OKAY
THIS IS CONNOR
I'M IN POSITION
I'M HANDING YOU OVER NOW
WELL?
BUT--!?
GO AHEAD WHO IS THIS?

TARISSA DYSON
I HAVE SIXTY-FOUR COMMUNIQUES READY FOR DISPATCH VIA EXPRESS POST, FAX AND INTO THREE THOUSAND SEPARATE WEB-SITES ON THE NET
THEY WILL BE SENT UNLESS I COUNTERMAND THE AUTHORIZATION BEFORE FOUR PM
DO YOU UNDERSTAND?
PHONE
PHONE
KEEP L.A. CLEAN
USING THE DYSON WIDOW SEANCE TOUCH
THANK YOU
BY THE WAY, SPASKY, DON'T BOTHER RUSHING OUT TO TRACE THAT NUMBER BY THE RE-CALL ON YOUR MOBILE
IT'S A PAYPHONE ON SEPULVEDA. TARISSA'S ALREADY GONE
SO
...WHERE DOES THAT LEAVE US?
WE'D BETTER SHOW YOU AROUND THEN, SARAH
THIS WAY
I CAN'T BELIEVE Y--
OH BE QUIET, SPASKY
SARAH?

COOL
YOU THINK?
YEAH. YOU REMEMBERED IT WELL
Gee. LIKE I'M GONNA FORGET.
YOU OKAY BACK THERE, KIDS? GREAT VIEW HUH?
Y-huh!
"GREAT VIEW"
He he hee!
JOHN ?
YEAH?
I WAS THINKING THIS COMPUTER SKYNET
WHAT ABOUT IT?

THAT CPU IS A BRAIN, R GHT? AND BRA NS CAN BE MESSED UP BY DISEASES AND STUFF R GHT?
LIKE A VIRUS?
YEAH VIRUSES CAN KILL COMPUTERS, CAN T THEY?
MY DAD TOLD ME
YEAH SO WHAT?
SO COULDN'T WE KILL SKYNET THAT WAY?
RIGHT.
I MEAN IT, JOHN SKYNET'S BAS C SOURCE CODE HAS TO BE IN THAT CPU SOMEWHERE ..
THAT S ALL WE'D NEED THAT AND ABOUT A MILLION HOURS OF PROGRAMMING
YOU SERIOUS, DYSON-BRAT?
DEADLY.
WE COULD DO T, Y'KNOW
I COULD DO IT
ONE DAY I'LL HOLD YOU TO THAT CHAMP!
HE-E-EY!

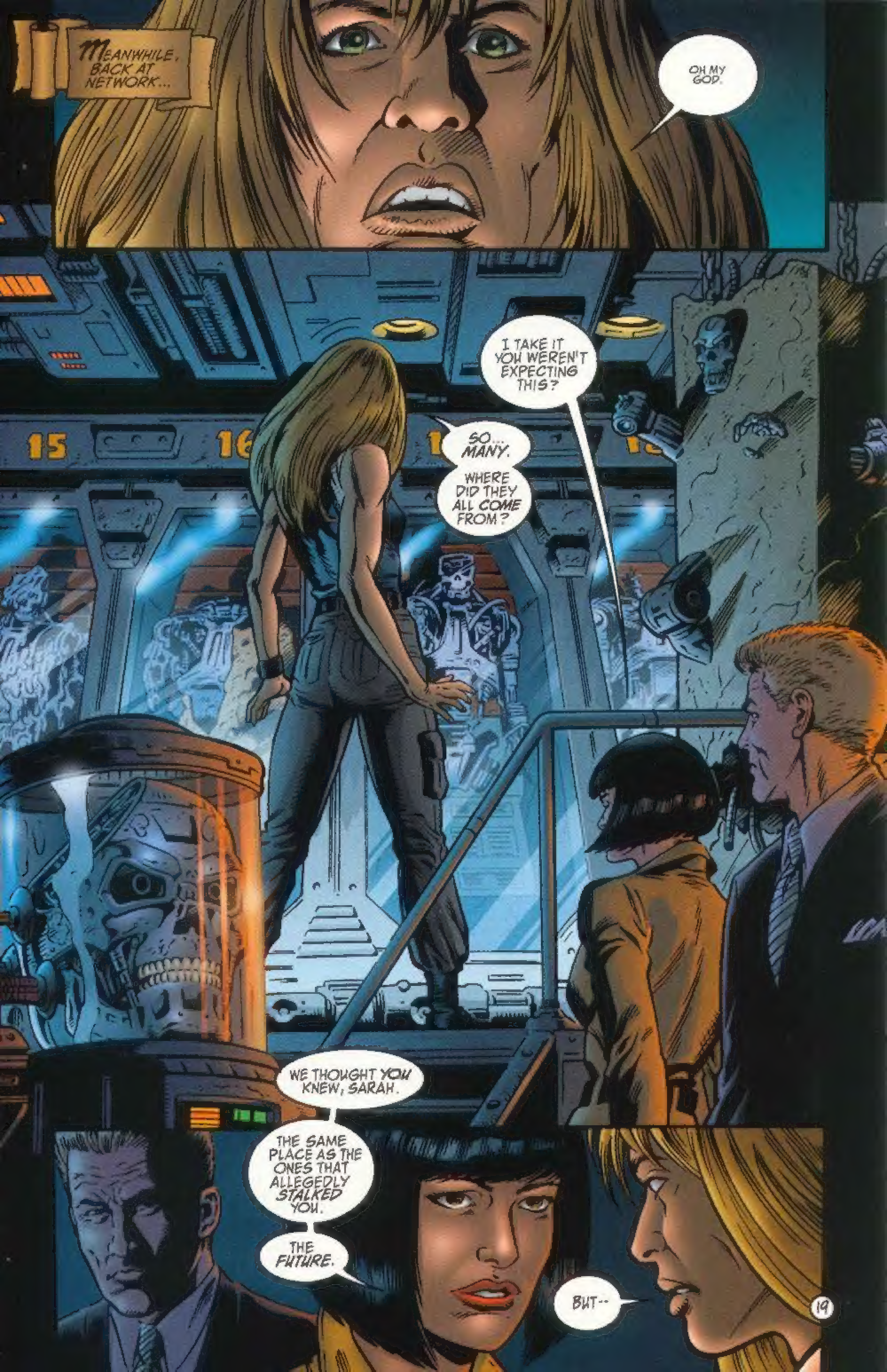
PLAY NICE, YOU TWO! Y'HEAR?
OKAY, BADGE
AND DON'T CALL ME THAT
Oh
Oh MAN
WHERE'D THAT BASTARD COME FROM?
WHAT BASTARD?
MOSSBERG? BADGE?
OH, PLEASE DON'T TALK THAT WAY, HONEY! YOUR MOM'LL KILL ME!
WHAT IS IT?
BACK THERE, ON THE HOG SEE HIM?
YEAH.
BASTARD-- BASTARD-BASTARD-- BASTARD
SHUT UP, WILL YA! I TOLD YA! F'R CHRISSAKES, I TOLD YA ONCE!
Ah, DON'T CRY, HONEY! PLEASE! I DIDN'T MEAN IT!
oh--uh-uh--uh-uh!
I MEAN THIS, BADGE.
FLOOR IT, FOR GOD'S SAKE DRIVE!
4

BRRRTTTT TTTTTT

BRATTSH!
GET DOWN!
MOSSBERG!
OH CHRIST!
HOW DID IT FIND US? HOW DID IT FIND US?!
BRTTTTT
MOSSBERG! WHICH BAG IS YOUR PIECE
N?
DANNO? DANNO?
Ohhh! Ohhh!
IT HURTS...
DANNY'S HIT! DANNY'S HIT!
Oh YOU SON OF A BITCH!

WHAMMMCHKK!!
YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO SHOOT THE KID!
I GOT HIM I GOT HIM, RIGHT?
I DUNNO, BADGE! I DIDN'T SEE HIM FALL!
SHRAAKKKTCHH!!
NO!
AIIEEE!
HOLY S--

EAT THIS, DIRTBAG!
BAM
BLAMM
BLAM
BLAMM
CAN WE SHAKE HIM? CAN WE SHAKE HIM?
UGH!
JESUS... NOOOOO!
B-BAAMFF!
WHAMMPFCCHH!



MEANWHILE, BACK AT NETWORK...
OH MY GOD.
I TAKE IT YOU WEREN'T EXPECTING THIS?
SO... MANY.
WHERE DID THEY ALL COME FROM?
WE THOUGHT YOU KNEW, SARAH.
THE SAME PLACE AS THE ONES THAT ALLEGEDLY STALKED YOU.
THE FUTURE.
BUT--
19

--WHY SO MANY?
GUINEA PIGS IS OUR GUESS. THESE UNITS HAVE BEEN RECOVERED BY THE U.S. GOVERNMENT FROM SITES ALL AROUND THE WORLD. THE FIRST WAS FOUND IN ARGENTINA IN THE MID-SEVENTIES.
IN TWO DECADES, WE'VE FOUND TWENTY-SEVEN OF THEM.
WE THINK THE CHINESE HAVE ANOTHER THREE, AND THE FRENCH MAY ALSO HAVE ONE.
NONE HAVE BEEN FOUND FUNCTIONING. NONE OF THEM SURVIVED THEIR TRIP HERE. IT CLEARLY TOOK THEIR MANUFACTURER A LONG TIME TO GET THE MEANS OF TRANSPORTATION TO WORK.
THEY HAVE BEEN THE SUBJECT OF INTENSIVE RESEARCH FOR YEARS. THE VALUE OF THE DERIVED TECHNOLOGY CANNOT BE MEASURED.
BUT WE'D ALWAYS PRAYED FOR ONE TO SURVIVE THE TRANSIT EXPERIENCE AND ARRIVE INTACT, SO THAT WE COULD EXAMINE ITS FUNCTION, ITS LIFE, ITS BRAIN...
OF COURSE, WE HAD NO IDEA WHERE THEY CAME FROM OR HOW OR WHY... UNTIL YOU CAME ALONG WITH THOSE ANSWERS.
YOU'VE GOT TO STOP. YOU'VE GOT TO STOP THIS RIGHT NOW.
YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHAT YOU'RE DOING! THIS IS WHY WE DESTROYED CYBERDYNE! THIS IS WHY DYSON DIED!
THESE... THINGS AREN'T SOME LUCKY BREAK... A SHORT CUT TO NEXT YEAR'S TECHNOLOGY.
THEY'RE THE HERALDS OF DESTRUCTION! SKYNET WANTS YOU TO LEARN! IT WANTS YOU TO LEARN SO THAT YOU CAN BUILD SKYNET!
20

OH, I HAVE HAD IT WITH YOU!
YOU'RE SO OUT OF YOUR DEPTH HERE IT'S EMB--
SPASKY!
GO AND COOL OFF FOR A MINUTE.
SCREAMING ISN'T GOING TO GET US ANYWHERE.
SO, SARAH... YOU CONVINCED MILES DYSON HE WAS MAKING A MISTAKE AND GOT HIM TO DESTROY HIS WORK.
AND NOW YOU WANT TO TALK SOME SIMILAR SENSE INTO US.
I HAVE TO STOP YOU. SKYNET MUST NEVER HAPPEN.
SO YOU SAY.
AND YOU'LL LEAK THIS ALL TO THE MEDIA TONIGHT IF WE DON'T ACQUIESCE AND LET YOU WALK FREE?
YOU KNOW DAMN WELL I WI--
--GOD! NO!
12

THEN SARAH CONNOR WILL WALK OUT OF HERE THIS AFTERNOON ...
NEXT: NO FATE